NOTHING

FOR EVERYONE WHO HAS EVERYTHING

By

BOB ALLISAT

This is a warning. This a warning to you and a warning to me. A warning to everyone living in or striving to replicate the lifestyle of what is called the "first" world. A warning to those of us who live in what is laughingly described as the most advanced civilization ever. A warning to those who aspire to live in this world longer still - who wish to endure beyond a few generations. To live on as a culture, as a people, without end.

A warning *yes* in the vein of "REPENT: THE WORLD IS ENDING". And then again no. Not that kind of warning. The world is not ending. Human beings will endure and survive for more millions of years as we have in the past. But a warning none the less. As in a "Hello friend. That sixty ton air conditioning unit that was being craned to this building top appears to be plunging at a rapid rate towards us. It is probably advisable at this juncture in time to RUN for our lives..." kind of warning.

The ultimate survivalist never talks about it. So I guess that leaves me out of that psychotic camp. The doomsday prepper sociopaths, armed to their collective teeths, bug out bags in bug out buggies, careening down the sidewalks and highway shoulders. Speeding towards safe houses tucked in geologically stable far away and further still bunkers, silos, subterranean or mountain top refuges. Where they will be annihilated - probably by their own kind - anyways.

So I'm in this one with you so to speak - above exceptions excepted. Including heads and shoulders of government in their NATO deep keeps. Who will undoubtedly be acting in all our interests out here should the proverbial megashit hit the WARNING WARNING WARNING gigafan. As I am more than intimating.

Nothing. For someone who has everything. Which is everything for someone who has nothing.

When you have been in this world with CDN $1.82 as your entire total worth... or should I say CDN -33,000 previous to insolvency proceedings - I think I can speak of nothings. And everythings. And all in between (though I have never known and will likely never know what wealth feels/looks/smells like. Unless it's from my outside perspective. And then it smells like death, looks like hell and feels from another universe.

Nothing.

Nothing because if we don't stop voluntarily - if we do give it up, stop, withdraw, reduce, recycle, reuse, compost, transform completely... if not - it will all be stopped. Involuntarily. By the sun and

the wind, the rain, streams, rivers and oceans. By the very nature we claim to be so much in control over (right!).

1. Faster and Faster and Faster. And Faster Still.

The concept that there is no end to our explosively dynamic growth as a totality, as an entirely corrupted civilization - and no, I do not make exceptions. There are no more tribes in the forest/jungle/desert/wherever who do not have cellphones and solar, vlogs and youtube, facebook and Insta and what ever the fuck. Representing all that is good. All that is civilization. All that will inevitably tear us all down to ground. To base. To null. To void.

For we are all, eight or nine billion human beings ALL, in this together. Together. Together.

There is an alarming fact I have to deal with right here and right now. One - me - you - us - one can not stop the rate of change or the pace of "innovation". Like standing in front of a bullet train. The only outcome being more bullet, more train, less you. And a momentary delay while they hose off what's left of one.

See the motion towards the ocean, the process, the inexorable hurtle is very much ON. Is absolutely IN EFFECT, is HAPPENING and CANNOT BE ALTERED. I could have called this onslaught chapter "Higher and Higher", "Lower and Lower", "Further and Further", "Further Out and Further Out", and so on.

The rush to exemplories, firsts, to the ultimate excess in every field, every endeavor and pursuit is one of the great signs fir us to back away. To remove ourselves from the movement, to politely extricate ourselves from the very civilized herd as it motions itself over the final frontier, that last cliff, be it the cliff of the singularity or ecocide or just us eating each other until none (or so very, very, very hungry few) are left. Like before all this shit.

Moving quicker and quicker still in the direction of... of what exactly? And why? Is is some innate drive? Some essential aspect of human being? Burnt into our DNA? Sole and mighty driver of our psyche? Perhaps. But I think not. More later maybe.

2.

I Ate The Last One Mommy. Or did the Last one Eat he or she?

The successive boom, exploitation and collapse of "natural resources" - from Atlantic Cod to old growth forests, spotted owl, black footed ferrets, Mekong dolphins - you get the picture even if we don’t outright eat any of those others. The way we seem to grind through every exploitable species in nature. Until there are no more. Simply been eaten or extincted because we needed their place for our own.

Our own houses, farms, factories, ports, oil rigs, subdivisions, highways, superhighways, bullet train ways, uranium, copper, lithium, you name it mines. Chopped down that last essential for the construction industries tree, bush, blade of grass. Concreted, paved, monocultural farmed, built upon, torn down upon only to build more upon. Solared, winded, geothermaled, tidaled - all good I hasten to add in comparison to what was before - but still consumptive, still an overwhelming part of our own everything, everywhere not only all at once but also ALL. As in ALL.

Until there’s nowhere to go. But up. Up, up and away. But that’s quite another book. so on with our own ALL and everything. Until there is... nothing exploitable left. The wall. Not another brick in same. The wall. Which we will hit.

3.

I'm not worried about life on Earth.

Life on Earth will continue. The only question is just what life on Earth. Our fragmentary and extremely limited knowledge of the natural world tells us that in every square meter of soil or water or mud or air even... there are uncountable TRILLIONS of microscopic and tiny lifeforms. In such vast numbers and boggling diversity that we actually live in an truthful world utterly alien to us. In that our knowledge is basically zero of what is really around and in us. About what factually makes us live. Creates all life on Earth.

There is no way to destroy or obliterate life from Earth. The brutal universe and Earth's own hydraulics, pyro-tectonics and combustible self has tried. Endeavored to wipe out every lifeform in successive MEE - Mass extinction events. Time and time again drawing everything down to near zero.

Near zero does not equal zero. And always life has rebounded. And will surely, clearly, absolutely return even if we humans go absolutely nuclear. No matter. Life is violable. It is non-eliminatable. Been there. Done that. Ain't possible.

But when junior eats the last whatever, Mommy. There won't be another one of those. Ever again. Not for one very long time. And if we all together, one by one, strike off species after species from our menus. Because they're now gone. The last item to be removed from the menu will be human. Because we live in the hakuna matata circle/web of life. Emphasis web emphasis circle emphasis life.

The concept and definition of ecology is: a complex, self-sustaining system of countless lifeforms. Which together form the natural world as we have known it. To remove one after another element of this system is to eventually bring the whole structure down. To render it unsustainable. Therefore causing a mass extinction event. The cause of which, in this case, will be human. The so called Anthropocene era. Which I will rebrand - tracking the current trajectory - Terminal . The Terminal era or epoch.

Regardless. Once the last human goes the way of the _____ (you fill in the blank. I was going to add Dodo but there are now so many other choices. Your pick). Once it's all over for us humanity. Life will still be riotously continuing. One way or the other. No matter what it seems - short of Earth being eaten by the exploding sun - life dominates. Life explodes. Life comes back after every catastrophe so far. The human catastrophe is not even an apostrophe in Earth scale time. Not even an atomic speck forget about period or dot.

4.

Sayin' We Don't Wanna Go that Way?

The course correction ahead is drastic. The one of two outcomes certain we seem to prefer experiencing (the continuation of our kind, human beings, men, women, children, people) while by no means guaranteed is clearly understandable.

Rapidly, savagely, with the fear of the end in our collective rectum, we, us, me and you, have to disengage from the very technologies, ideologies, living patterns, martial tendencies, world ravaging stupidities that brought us here to the brink in the first, second, third, fourth, etc. place. There is no other way.

The sustainable human world looks strikingly similar to what was perhaps thirty thousand years ago. Perhaps more. A planet where - from above or on the surface - there is functionally and practically little (read no, zero, nil, null) sign of humans in the green slash blue.

That is our destination, point B.

Point A is where we are now and into a limited future. Limited by the extinction horizon, that line past which there are no more of we, us, me and you people. Which, while indeterminate, is certainly there, somewhere, not to far off if we are to believe our scientists. Which I do and you would be wise to as well.

The route from “Now what?!” point A to our “Whew! We made it!” B is fraught. Is difficult. Involves certain apocalypses, catastrophes and crises. But it is better than the alternative being the only alternative actually.

There is the easier way there. There is the harder way there. There is only one there there alas.

5.

How To?

Voluntary, global depopulation is occurring as we go. Peak people is either past or soon will be. Then the decline. Only, in stead of resisting, we all should be hastening. Insanely hastening the decline. It is a matter of debate and one with no certain answer or conclusion that original numbers of humans pre-thefuckupthatismoderncivilization was a few million world wide. One, five, ten million. Maybe more. Maybe less.

Whatever the exact, sustainable number of humanity on Earth we all must make it our goals to attain that number. By contraception and safe sex. With joy and wisdom. Endeavoring to make the let down as peaceful, beautiful, humane as humanly possible. This is do-able in a few generations.

Duh, that’s not the way human people in these times work, *Bob* (dummy!).

That’s the easy way.

The hard way? I will not elaborate. Enough darkness in the world without my adding more. But dark, so dark. Bad, so evil bad. Harsh, incredibly harsh. Savage beyond savagery, barbaric transcending all barbarisms. Enough. Said.

6.

Realistic.

Look, reality as a concept is under fire from all sides. Truth, even worse. Agreement? Seemingly impossible. Shattering divisions? All around us in all nations, culture, subcultures, family groups, households and in our very self images and lives. Cracks, fissures, cleavages, widening gulfs, unbreachable gorges. Looks like we all live on different mind planets.

Only it’s not. It only APPEARS that way. When the common ground, the universal humanity, the one and all is more than a dream. It is reality. Not reality of the screens like I write these words upon. The monitor plague inflicting us all. Cell phones glued to eyes. Tablets hinged onto heads. Computers welded in front of those unfortunate enough to have/work/live with one or two or ten.

No.

Reality, truth, common ground, one love, one life... that’s the actual world. Nothing has changed except perhaps the crisis of our own making. Though once that trap matrix if flipped suddenly there it is. Always been there. Always will be.

7.

Nothing. For everyone who has everything.

We all have to get used to having, being, living, like nothing is okay. Nothing is good. Good is nothing. For those who have, want, dream, live for everything? They, we, us, everybody gets nothing in the end the everything madness is driving us towards. So nothing is way better.

Nothing. No cars, trucks, airplanes, skyscrapers, roads, gas, oil, nuclear, nuclear arsenals, nuclear anything, fusion, electronics, industries, factories, technologies. No rolex, birkin, versace, chiroc. No deforestation, no industrial agriculture, no industrial wastelands. No mass anything. No so much more. No, basically all this that has been somehow hoisted upon us over the last few second of human time on Earth.

Remember: all of this is relatively recent. Is *not* and never has been the way we humans live on Earth. It is our times, this monster civilization, that is the aberration. The mistake. The monumental error to be rectified, not the pre-historic past. When we lived for hundreds of thousands - even millions of years in a transcendent state. A transcending, eternal, life. Which must be recptured. And now.

Nothing. Is everything. Is the one out. For everyone who has everything. Nothing.